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Title: suite 1

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realities. But the origin  
of this reality is fractal,  
each fascet is a virtual  
reality inside a virtual to  
infinite proportions, if  
this was not so there  
would be no bliss in  
achievement anywhere and  
certainly no pleasure in  
being the Avatar. This  
ebb and flow of powerful  
holographic winds are the  
key to understanding the  
subtle energy channels  
that have been  
manipulated by the forces  
of the shadowlords. When  
we dipped our feet for  
the first time in the age  
of aquarius in the earth  
plane, the shadowlords  
crossed over from this  
realm into the container  
earth realm and  
interfered with the  
natural flow of events  
there. The clever mind  
will right away understand  
how, think water, think  
fluidity and magnitude.  
Thus you will see that  
every action you make is  
not affecting the nature  
of a game, because it is  
inhabited by the spirits  
of many adults, even dead  
ancestors. I do not delve  
into beleif for this essay  
either, I speak of  
experience and not beleifs  
; best left to  
worshippers and their  
brain dead agenda.  
Without bliss this  
universe would crumble in  
a mere instant, is it so  
far fetched to think that  
one human is enough to

maintain such a grandiose creation, I think so. I warn that thinking in extreme points of view is rather counterproductive as this flow of consciousness address the kabala. Let those who think they have pleasure squeeze their hormonal glands like it was a salty sponge in a distilled sea, only too late they will realise that without the minerals to absolve the bliss, the sponge is undead. Can you tell a dead sponge from a living one ? In a way you have the power to dream about going to the 6th dimension and see that sosaria is part of it, it even used to be the container (where the conscious directional power to steer was) You will see more than meets the eyes if you manage the lucid skill. Basically these photonic bodies need photons to create any type of effect or manifest, and who would be foolish enough to acknowledge that there is no pleasure in the `game`, that it is not fun to get someone back for a viscious hit. And about the others ; which of you has not wondered once how it felt to exerce power and steal hours of hard work from a honest craftsman ? You just know he will run to meet the next healer and be back soon enough to pick up what you left. How great can a spirit evolve in a spave where there is no death to worry about ? At first the emotional experience of being killed was whole, your photonic self would loose coherence and go weak for the

remainder of the day,  
until you slept. This is  
still so in a way, but  
since the great cataclysm  
the earth is the  
container, many rules  
change ; seemingly as the  
gods of both worlds see  
fit, I can assure you  
they work hand in hand,  
subconsciously. I am not  
the one to criticize their  
work, it is still horling  
together after all. I am  
a companion of the  
avatar and thus I scribe  
my way inside your mind,  
I was there before, and I  
will never be. Thanks to  
a woman with great  
courage, love and truth I  
have had the most  
pleasant experience of  
being consciously photonic  
again for two great  
earth months ; one of  
which was pure bliss and  
the second being pure  
pain. Not only in the  
feeling of belonging then  
separatedness, but in the  
strige of unresolved  
static mysteries and still  
because there is seemingly  
noone that came to  
rescue me from these  
dread 3 days in the  
tower. I now write from  
the abyss, my mind is in  
the books since my body  
was taken by Rayder, a  
nightmare of pure mind  
who serves the woman I  
spoke of. I do not blame  
them for they do not  
yet know what happened  
to me yet, there was no  
way they could know  
since I visited them as a  
holographic projection  
from the abyss to bid  
them farewell. There is  
no way to describe the  
balance I felt that night